And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprovedſt me for it.

*Hell.* Alaſſe ſir.

*Per.* Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Muſings in my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releeve them,
I thought it princely charitie to grieve for them.

*Hell.* Well my Lord, ſince you have given me leave to ſpeake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And juſtly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or private treaſon,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe travell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies do cut his thread of life: your Rule direct to any, if unto me, day ſerves not light more faithfull than Ile be.

*Per.* I doe not doubt thy faith,
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

*Hell.* Wee'l mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

*Per.* *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my travaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe Letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had and have of ſubjects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we live ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall neere convince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubjects ſhine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

*Enter Thaliard ſolus.*

*Thal.* So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am ſure to be hanged at home: it



it is dangerous.
Well, I perceive he was a wiſ
on, that being bid to aske what
hee might know none of his ſec
reaſon for it: for if a King bid
by the indenture of his oath to
Huſht here comes the Lords of

*Enter Hellicanus,*
*Lords*

*Hell.* You ſhall not need, my
to queſtion me of your Kings de
left in truſt with me, doth ſpeak
vell.

*Thal.* How? the King gon
*Hell.* If further yet you will
licenc'd of your loves) he woul
to you: Being at *Antioch*.

*Thal.* What from *Antioch*?
*Hell.* Royal *Antiochus* (on wh
diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he ju
had erred or ſinned, to ſhew his
ſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe unto the
each minute threatens life or d

*Thal.* Well, I perceive I ſha
I would, but ſince hee's gone, t
ſcapte the Land, to periſh at the
to the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Hell.* Lord *Thaliard* from *A*
*Thal.* From him I come with
but ſince my landing I have un
tooke himſelfe to unknowne tr
from whence it came.

*Hell.* We have no reaſon to
ſter, not to us, yet ere you ſhal
to *Antioch*, we may feaſt in *Ty*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3